

THE
LOVERS
OPERA.

As it is Performed at the
THEATRE-ROYAL,
BY
His MAJESTY's Servants.

By Mr. CHETWOOD. *ℓ*

*He will his Safety to his Weakness Owe,
As Grass escapes the Scythe by being low. Macbeth.*

The THIRD EDITION, with Alterations:
And the MUSICK prefix'd to each SONG.

L O N D O N:

Printed for JOHN WATTS, at the Printing-Office
in Wild-Court, near Lincolns-Inn Fields.

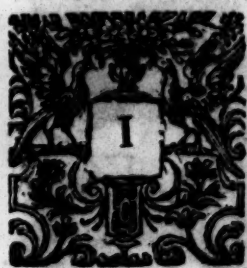
M DCC XXX.

[Price 1 s.]





P R E F A C E.



Should hardly have given the Reader the Trouble of a Preface, were it not to pay my Acknowledgment to the kind Performers, who, notwithstanding the Hazard of being discountenanc'd, are yet so good-natur'd as to venture once more in this Dangerous Road, purely with the friendly Desire of assisting my Interest.

We all join'd in this Belief, That I was below the Notice of the Criticks, and therefore hop'd I might escape their Censure. I own, Poetry is a thing I little understand; yet should I meet a better Fate than possibly I may deserve, I shall gratefully acknowledge my self oblig'd to the generous Town for their Indulgence, but never arrogate to my self any Merit thereon.

P R E F A C E.

This Attempt being begun soon after the Run of the Celebrated *Beggar's Opera* (to mention which gives me some Confusion, while I am speaking of my own weak Endeavours) the Reader may perhaps find some few Tunes since made use of in other Entertainments of this Kind. I must declare the Songs thereto were made before I ever saw any such Performances ----- Such as it is, I throw it on the Mercy of its Auditors.

W. C.

The Town, thro' their Good-nature, having given this Trifle a more Favourable Reception than I could have expected, the Printer has, to compleat this Third Edition, been at the Expence of adding the Tunes to each Song.





PROLOGUE.

Spoken by Mr. C I B B E R jun.

OUR humble Bard (well he deserves that Name,
Who from the Muse no borrow'd Aid can claim;) *Seeing your modern Opera's spring so thick,
Thought Sing-song easie as a Juggler's Trick.
Building on This, and conscious of no Skill,
His gives You his Essay, of pure good Will.
Since he pleads guilty, wink at one Offence:
Mercy has oft reclaim'd to sober Sense.
He likes the Trade so ill, as a Beginner,
He swears, he ne'er shall grow a harden'd Sinner:
Unless —— Heav'n help him! —— Wit should turn his Brain;
Then —— look for Hurlothrumbo's once again;
Then look —— to see him ride the Moon, —— and dance, ——
And fiddle to his own Extravagance.
Tho', —— should That happen, he might plead some Merit;
What once was Madness, now is Wit and Spirit.
But, yet, poor Soul! he claims not that proud Bays:
You'll understand him, —— tho' you should not praise.
For Those whose doubtful Fate it is to be
The Organs of his chaunted Poetry,
Tho' Him you censure, think, They barely do
Nor more, nor less, than what He prompts 'em to.
Then, 'faith, be kind: —— you've had your Treat of Wit;
And He would needs throw in his gratis Bit.
Like a frank Host, that, when the Reck'ning's o'er,
Brings up his Flask, adds Nothing to your Score.*



Lately Publish'd, Curiously Printed in Two Pocket Volumes,

**** The MUSICAL MISCELLANY: being a COLLECTION of CHOICE SONGS, set to the VIOLIN and FLUTE, by the most Eminent MASTERS.**

The Man that hath no Musick in himself,
And is not mov'd with Concord of sweet Sounds;
Is fit for Treasons, Stratagems, and Spoils. *Shakespear.*

Printed by and for J. Watts, at the Printing-Office in Wild-Court near Lincoln's-Inn-Fields, and Sold by the Booksellers both of Town and Country.

Nov. 12, 1729. This Day was publish'd,

The THIRD and FOURTH VOLUMES of

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MUSICK's the Cordial of a troubled Breast,
The softest Remedy that Grief can find;
The gentle Spell that Charms our Cares to Rest,
And calms the ruffling Passions of the Mind.

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✍ The FIFTH and SIXTH Volumes, which are design'd to conclude this COLLECTION, will go to the Press very speedily; therefore all GENTLEMEN and LADIES who are willing to Contribute any NEW SONGS to this Collection, are desired to send 'em as soon as possible, directed for John Watts, and Care will be taken to have 'em set to Musick by the best MASTERS.

N. B. Those PIECES which are come to Hand since the finishing the THIRD and FOURTH Volumes, shall be inserted in the FIFTH and SIXTH.

Just Publish'd, The Fourth Edition of

**** The FAIR CIRCASSIAN, a Dramatick Performance, done from the Original by a Gentleman-Commoner of Oxford. To which are added several Occasional Poems, by the same Author. — *sine Me, Liber, ibis in Urbem.* Ovid.**



A

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Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

Justice Dalton,
Edgar,
Moody,
Monfieur Varole,
Aminadab Prim,
Squire Clodpole,

Mr. Harper.
Mr. Charke.
Mrs. Roberts.
Mr. Miller.
Mr. Griffin.
Mr. Berry.

W O M E N.

Clara,
Flora,
Lucy,

Mrs. Cibber.
Miss Raftor.
Mrs. Thurmond.

T H E



THE LOVERS OPERA.

SCENE I. *A Hall.*

Dalton perusing Papers; Lucy observing at distance.

DALTON.

SURE now these Daughters of mine can have no Pretence to charge me with Severity; since I have provided Husbands for 'em both.

Lucy. If they do but like the Provision you have made, 'twill be very well. [*Aside.*

Dal. Their deceased Uncle has given each of them a separate Fortune of Tenthousand Pounds—the Interest of which I have taken care to account for in the Articles of Education, Necessaries, and so forth.

Lucy. I don't question it. [*Aside.*

Dal. Now what remains to be done is to make as sure of some of the Principal, if I can—but that they will Command when of Age, or, what's worse, on the day of Marriage, which Misfortune I must guard against—Oh what a Plague it is to a Man to have the Care of two Buxom Girls past their Teens!

The LOVERS Opera.

AIR I. *Diogenes surly and proud.*



*Our Children for Blessings were meant,
 Yet seldom a Blessing they prove;
 They poison a Parent's Content,
 With Plagues in their obstinate Love.
 In Nonage they whimper and cry,
 And teize us all Day with their Noise;
 In their Teens they our Projects destroy,
 And, fighting for Man, kill our Joys.*

These Gentlemen are, for my Approbation in the Affair, to give me each two thousand Pound, and this they have oblig'd themselves under Hand and Seal to perform.

Lucy. Have they so?

Dal. How now Saucebox! what Business have you here?

Lucy. What Business have I any where else? Am I not serving my Mistresses? doing my Duty? while you are plotting to sacrifice 'em to your rapacious Avarice.

Dal.

Dal. This Wench has overheard me, and I cou'd find in my Heart to murder the Jade.

Lucy. Say you so! but I'll take Care first to blow up your Scheme; I'll go immediately, and give Information of every Particular to ———

Dal. I had better close with her ——— Huffy, come hither.

Lucy. I won't.

Dal. Come hither, I say:

Lucy. I won't, I say.

Dal. I wou'd talk with thee ——— Thou art the Cabinet of both my Daughters Secrets, and I have a Desire to trust thee ——— Is it possible, any way in the World to make thee my Friend?

Lucy. No.

Dal. Suppose I shou'd make it thy Interest to be so?

Lucy. Humh! what's he about! ——— You can't.

Dal. Why not?

Lucy. You have not Generosity enough.

Dal. Try me.

Lucy. Shall I?

Dal. Do ——— You know, *Lucy*, ——— when my Daughters are dispos'd of ——— ha! I have no more Children, and may ———

Lucy. What, pray?

Dal. I may ——— perhaps take thee to warm ——— my Bed ——— be my Housekeeper ——— you understand me.

Lucy. Yes I do, but I won't.

The LOVERS Opera.

AIR II. Red House.



*Youth and Age will never
 Well agree together,
 But with stormy Weather
 Pass the long and tedious Day.
 Age with Clouds will cover,
 Damp, and kill the Lover;
 'Tis the Youthful Rover
 Proves our lively shining Ray.
 This Age and Youth
 Are Lies and Truth,
 They differ more than Peace and War.
 They're Heat and Cold,
 They're Lead and Gold,
 They're Debtors that have nought to pay.*

Dal. What is it I can do to please thee?

Lucy. Why — if as a Specimen of what you dare do, you wou'd give me ten Pieces.

Dal. Ten! Ten!

Lucy.

The LOVERS Opera.

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Lucy. Ay Ten! as a Retaining Fee only, and Fifty more when the Job's finish'd.

Dal. Why thou art a Jew ——— but *Lucy*, tell me first ———

Lucy. No, the Fee first, or not a tittle of Advice — But what am I doing? I am going to betray two innocent young Ladies to ———

Dal. Thy own Interest, think of that ——— Come, I will give thee Ten.— For when the Job's over, 'tis but hiding a Piece of Plate, and swear she has stole it; then I shall save her Wages, have this Money again, and all she has got beside, to make up the Matter. [*Aside.*

Lucy. Let me consider — Suppose I shou'd take the Money, and deceive the old Knave himself? [*Aside.*

Dal. Ay, do, consider on't.

Lucy. I am not the first Advocate who has taken Fees on both Sides.

Dal. No, no, nor won't be the last.

Lucy. Well Sir, name your Conditions.

Dal. You are, in the first Place, to discover to me the Amours, Intrigues, &c. of your young Mistresses.

Lucy. Well!

Dal. If any Letters are put into your Hands by 'em, or for 'em, you are to deliver 'em to me.

Lucy. Well, well!

Dal. And this you promise ———

Lucy. Upon Condition ———

Dal. Ay, upon Condition you have ten Guineas as Earnest ——— there they are.

Lucy. This Money is ——— in short, what is it not? it's Wisdom, Honour, all! but Honesty. This is the Lovers Darts and Flames,

The Rosy Cheek, the Brilliant Eyes,
The panting Heart, and heaving Sighs.

The LOVERS Opera.

AIR III. Mad Robin.



*This gives Females Wit and Charms,
 The Force of this will Virtue prove,
 This will fill old Bromia's Arms,
 With this she buys her Love.
 'Tis Gold will gain the Knave a Place,
 Tho' Merit pleads in vain:
 'Twill wipe away the worst Disgrace,
 And soften Love's Disdain.*

Dal. But tell me, Child, dost think the Inclinations
 of both these Girls are fixt?

Lucy. I am afraid so.

Dal. On whom?

Lucy. Why *Clara* loves Mr. *Edgar*, that's certain.

Dal. And he her?

Lucy. Yes.

Dal. And *Flora* loves ———

Lucy. Young *Moody* ——— but it seems there's a De-
 mur on his Side ——— he's lately more inclin'd to *Clara*
 too.

Dal. What, are *Edgar* and he Rivals?

Lucy. I fancy so, for *Flora* is in Tears about it.

Dal. I am glad on't ——— but can't we contrive to set
 'em a fighting?

Lucy. Ay! but suppose one of 'em should be run
 thro'?

Dal. Why then t'other wou'd be hang'd, and so
 we're rid of 'em both.

Lucy. A good Conscience, by my troth ——— But
 pray

pray Sir, who are these Lovers you have provided for these young Ladies, that I may be able to serve them, and you, when Occasion offers?

Dal. I'll tell thee — one of 'em is my good Friend and Fellow-Citizen, Mr. *Aminadab Prim*.

Lucy. What, the Quaker?

Dal. He's rich.

Lucy. Is he not too old?

Dal. He's rich, very rich.

Lucy. Well, him you design for —

Dal. *Flora*, or either of 'em — the next is Captain *Clotpole*.

Lucy. Ah Lord! why he's a Fool.

Dal. Rich, rich, very rich, and he talks of *Clara*.

Lucy. Or either of 'em.

Dal. Ay, ay, ay — but in case one of these shou'd not please, I have provided one fine Gentleman.

Lucy. Ay! who is he?

Dal. Monsieur *Varole*.

Lucy. O my Stars! why he is heartily ugly, and —

Dal. A Beau, that you'll confess.

Lucy. And rich, I suppose.

Dal. Right! and consents to give me Two thousand Pounds to make up the Match.

Lucy. Ay, ay, that Consideration outweighs all the rest — besides, I don't see but all Men are alike, when once they commence Husbands — not one in ten proves worth half the Trouble we give our selves about 'em.

Dal. I fancy 'tis much the same with your Sex.

Lucy. Ay, much the same, much the same indeed, Sir.

AIR IV. Mother, quoth *Hodge*.

*Tho' Couples are fond when first they are wed,
 Their Passions decline as oft as they meet.
 Before a full Month their Love is all fled,
 With Spleen and cold Looks each other they treat.*

They're both the same:

Love's but a Name.

Dal. Then Women Experiments ne'er shou'd try:

They fawn and dissemble,

They sigh and they tremble,

Their Hearts ever giving their Tongue the Lye.

Lucy. And now, Sir, to shew you how much I am yours, you must know Clara and Edgar are got together in the Garden, by her Appointment — If you have a mind to spoil their Affignation, there you'll find 'em — Tho' I hope he's gone by this time. [Aside.

Dal. I'll do it; mean while you'll be diligent.

Lucy. And secret, you may depend on't. [Exit Dal. I cannot find one Scruple of Conscience in over-reaching this old Curmudgeon — besides, I find it my Interest — my young Lovers are too generous not to reward me, if I succeed; and that Reward may help me to a Husband — for few Men, now-a-days, care to take a Woman with nothing.

The LOVERS Opera.

AIR V. Buff-Coat.



Poor Marriage of late,
Like Places of State,
Without Money will find no Favour.
Is there Money? you cry:
If no; they reply,
The Devil himself may have her.
If you have a good Purse,
For better for worse
The Men will all strive to take you.
But of that if you fail,
You'll never prevail,
For the Wretches will all forsake you. [Exit.

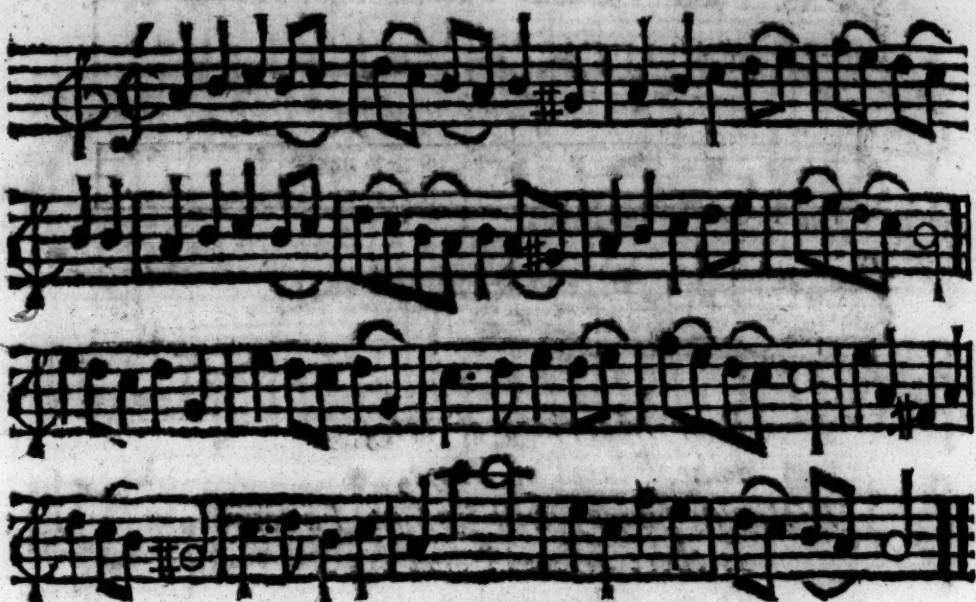
SCENE II. A Garden.

Enter Clara.

Clar. How unjust it is in Parents to be ever indulging their own Passions and Desires, and never once consult their Childrens Happiness; no, not in that Union which must last for Life.

AIR

AIR VI. When the Kine had giv'n a Pailful.



*If we feel a tender Passion,
Parents cry we're much to blame.
Loving now is out of Fashion,
Interest is their only Aim.
Wretched Creatures!
'Tis their Natures:
When with Age the Blood runs cold,
Love's call'd Folly,
Melancholy:
All their Longings are for Gold.
All their, &c.*

What should make *Edgar* stay so long? I hope my hated Lover *Moody* has not met with him — No, he is here.

Enter Edgar.

Clar. My Love!

Edg. My *Clara*! Cast off this Melancholy, thy Father's Temper yet may change, and we be happy.

Clar. Alas! the Avarice of Parents is a Disease that strengthens with Age, and knows no Cure.

The LOVERS Opera.

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A I R VII. 'Twas within a Furlong, &c.



*When sordid Love of Gold within the Mind is born,
It thrives in wintry Age like Glastenbury Thorn.*

*Other Passions fly away,
Like the Night before the Day.*

*'Tis Gold and Gain
Gives Joy and Pain;*

To that they only pray.

*This shining Earth creates all our Strife,
Imbitters all our Sweet, is the Sorrow of our Life.*

*Poor Love must shun the Light,
Or else be banisht quite,*

For Money, Money, only Money is the World's Delight.

*Yet I hope the best: But Hope, alas! too frequent-
ly is the worst of Flatterers.*

A I R

AIR VIII. From *Aberdeen* to *Edenborough*.

Edg. 'Tis Hope that sweetens Want and Woe,
 And softens ev'ry Pain;
 The shackled Slave can Grief forego,
 Hope sets him free again.
 Hope is the Cure of black Despair,
 'Tis that forbids to grieve;
 We sighing hope to gain the Fair,
 In Hope alone we live.
 In Hope, &c.

Clar. I'll be as cheerful as I can; but let what will
 come, be assur'd, I'll never change my Love.

AIR

AIR IX. Dee'l take the Wars.



*The cheering Sun shall cease his shining,
If Clara e'er proves false to thee;
No slighted Lover know repining,
Or Tempest ever shake the Sea.*

*No Mortal e'er shall move me;
I'll shun all (but thee) that love me;
All Slighting, all Scorning, for thee, my Swain.
All Tortures I will bear
For thee, my only Dear:
Do thou prove true,
As I will be to you,
And Clara e'er will find a Joy in Pain.*

AIR X. Sweet Nelly, my Heart's Delight.



Edg. *If e'er I prove false to thee,
 The Lawyer shall slight his Fee;
 The Courtier shall give
 Much more than receive;
 The Harlot love Modesty:
 No Bankrupt shall break
 For Interest sake;
 Topers forego their Wine;
 Misers hate Pence,
 A Fool love Sense:
 No Pains shall move
 Or change my Love;
 For ever I will be thine.*

Enter

The LOVERS Opera.

15

Enter Dalton and Lucy.

AIR X. Make your Honours, Miss.



Dal. *Will you be gone, tol, lol, lol.* [to Edgar.

I'll swinge you anon, tol, lol, lol. [to Clara.

Zouns, *What's your Business here?* tol, lol. [to Edgar.

You'll smart for this, my Dear. tol, lol. [to Clara.

Clar. Dear Sir, consider.

Dal. So I will consider—— but it shall be to rid my House of this prowling Puppy; I'll have him out of my Fold, for fear of thee, my little Lamb—— Where are all my Rogues and Whores?

Enter Servants.

Dal. Seize this Fellow, carry him to the Devil, and leave him there; and you Mrs. Minx, see your Mistress into her Chamber, and d'ye hear, lock her up.

A I R

AIR XII. To you fair Ladies now on Land.



Edg. *Thus frighted Sailors view the Skies,
When Winds and Billows roar :*

Clar. *With heaving Sighs, and watry Eyes,
Around they look for Shore.*

Edg. *No Hope, alas, of Life they have :*

Both repeat *{ The Wreck becomes a watry Grave,
They sink, to rise no more. [Forc'd off.*

Dal. *Away with 'em.*

[Exeunt.



SCENE III. A Country Village.

Enter Moody.

Mood. This little Tyrant Love is as arbitrary as the Grand Turk, the great Mogul, or a Governor of the Plantations. He has stole my Heart from *Flora*, who mourns for its Loss, and has given it to *Clara*, who sets no Value on the Gift. My Reason told me I was wrong, but Love has kickt poor Reason out of Doors.

A I R

AIR XIII. Ye Nymphs and Silvan Gods.



Love like a Torrent flows:
 If we its Streams oppose,
 We feel the fatal Dart
 Transfixt within the Heart,
 That robs us of soft Repose.
 Sure Cupid was sent,
 To break our Content,
 And kill our springing Joys.
 How blest is he
 From Love when free?
 The fairest She
 Shou'd slighted be
 Since Love our Peace destroys.

[Edgar Crosses the Stage.]
 Ha! my Rival!—— I'll follow him, and force
 him to forego the divine Clara, or leave my Life
 behind. [Exit.]

Enter Lucy.

Lucy. I cou'd not inform Edgar of my Proceeding
 with the old Rogue my Master. But I have taken this
 opportunity, if he does not walk too fast for me— as
 I livē there's he and his Rival Tilting at one another—
 I have not the Courage to stand the Danger of two
 naked Weapons at once,— therefore I'll return. Oh,
 Edgar has disarm'd him: I hope they have fought like
 Gentlemen, and done no harm—— Lord! Lord! how
 eager

eager these Men are to come at a Woman before Enjoyment! like two that strive in a Race, even the Winner returns fair and softly home again.

AIR XIV. In our Country.



*When Lovers wou'd wed,
And hope to be sped,
On Wings their Desires are carry'd:
But Post tho' they ride
To meet the fair Bride,
They walk it on Foot when they're marry'd.*

[Exit.]

Re-Enter Edgar and Moody.

Mood. Your Reason has convinc'd me, more than your Courage, that I have been in the wrong: therefore I will endeavour to recall my Heart, and once more offer it to the Injur'd *Flora*.

Edg. No more my Rival then, but Friend for ever.

AIR XV. As the Snow in Valleys lying.



Mood. *Friendship, when the Mind's abounding,
With our gloomy Cares surrounding,
Helps to bear an equal Part.
Next to Love, 'tis all our Treasure,
Lightens Sorrow, doubles Pleasure,
Sympathizing in the Heart.*

Enter Lucy,

Lucy. Bless me! what do I see?

Mood. Cease your Wonder, and let me satisfy you that *Edgar* and I are Friends, and that I will no longer injure the charming *Flora*, but throw my self at her Feet for Pardon.

Lucy. You may obtain it, I believe: but you have both greater Difficulties to encounter.

Edg. I'm on the Rack!—What are they?

Lucy. What are they? Why *Dragons, Hydras*: Their old Rogue of a Father has been providing *Husbands* for both my young *Mistresses*, and to-morrow Morning they're to be joined in *Wedlock*.

Edg. Impossible! *Clara* will never yield to such Injustice.

Lucy. That's more than you know; Women are changeable: She has seen her new Lover since you parted with her, I can tell you that.

Edg. Why will you torture me?

Lucy. She is determined not to oppose her Father's Will.

Edg. You wrong her.

Lucy. Well, if I do, I do: but she bids me tell you so.

Edg. Are all her Vows and Protestations come to this?

A I R XVI. Tell me, tell me, charming Creature.



*Can she prove so false a Creature?
Are her Oaths and Vows but Wind?
Had she Charms in every Feature,
And for Ruin all design'd?*

A I R XVII. Jovial Beggar.



*Since she is false as fair,
The Syren I will shun;
No more her Chains I'll wear,
Nor sue to be undone.
But a roving I will go, will go, will go,
And a roving I will go.*

Lucy. I find I must impose upon him no farther, it may be dangerous.—*Mr. Edgar,* pray don't be so uneasy;

easy; I confess I have impos'd upon you; but you will excuse it when you know all: We Women do take such Pleasure in the little Anxieties we give you Men, that I cou'd not avoid it: but what I have done, and what I will do to serve you, shall make you ample Amends.

Edg. I thank thee, and forgive this kind Deceit,
Lucy: But it is ill trifling with a sincere Lover.

Lucy. Have you the Heart now to meet Mrs. Clara in her Chamber this Evening at Seven?

Edg. I wou'd meet her, tho' ten thousand Dangers bar my way.

Lucy. But suppose you shou'd find a Parson there?

Edg. I shou'd look on him as my better Genius.

Lucy. Do you think Mr. Moody will come too?

Mood. You wrong me to doubt it.

Lucy. But Gentlemen, tho' I am in very great Haste to be gone, yet I can't part with you till I know how this happy Change has been wrought in Mr. Moody's Temper; and by what lucky Accident you are become Friends.

Mood. While I am writing three Lines to the wrong'd Flora, Edgar shall inform you all.

Lucy. You must be very speedy, for my old Master is impatient.

Edg. In the next Room is Pen, Ink, and Paper.

[Ex. *Edg.* and *Mood.*]

Lucy. Do you dispatch your Letter, I'll follow you immediately.—A very ticklish Business have I undertaken here. Well, they may talk of State Matters, but if there is not more Art in managing of such an Affair as I have taken in Hand, I'll be contented to die a Maid, and that's a Punishment in this World and the next.

AIR XVIII. We've cheated the Parson.



*The State of old Virgins is surely hard,
From all their soft Wishes to be debarr'd:*

To sigh and whine,

To long and pine,

'Tis laying the Cloth, and yet never dine.

*The greatest Distress that has Maids befall,
Is that of the Curse to lead Apes in Hell.*

Woeful Case,

Hard Disgrace!

'Tis worse than a Statesman when out of Place.

[Exit.



SCENE VI. A Hall.

Enter Dalton, Clara, and Flora.

Dal. I will not have you thus eternally in the Pouts: Do you reflect upon the Duty you owe a Father? upon the many Obligations you have to me? Have you consider'd enough the Crime of a repeated Disobedience? Do but this, and your Whimperings, and Passions, and Fiddle-Faddles will disappear. Besides, I expect ev'ry Hour those worthy Gentlemen I have made Choice of for your Husbands.

Clar. I cou'd wish, Sir, to know the Gentlemen, before an Affair of that Consequence is concluded—perhaps——

Dal. Look ye, look ye, I'll have none of your Perhaps; since you are ready for Husbands, you shall have 'em of my providing.

A I R

A I R XIX. In the Fields in Frost and Snow.



*When our Daughters Husbands want,
We must watch 'em nearly.*

*Then their Hearts will swell and pant,
Night and Morning early.*

Sighing here,

Whining there,

*Here a Sigh, there a Whine,
Every where a Whine.*

O what Plague it is in Life

'Till a Daughter's made a Wife!

Do you see, these Husbands that I have provided for you are responsible Men, Men of Substance, Capacity, Judgment, Probity, Candor; Men that—! they are Men—They are Men to my Mind, and they shall be so to yours— In short, I'll keep you safe under Lock and Key 'till your Stomachs come to you.

Flor. Sir, you're a Tyrant and not a Father; and tho' you Cage us like silly Birds, we can be free by dying.

AIR XX. Oft on the Troubled Ocean's Face,



Flor. *The Bird entrap'd, within her Cage
The Loss of Freedom mourns;
In vain is Art her Griefs to assuage,
For Love her Bosom burns:
But if some gentle tender Heart
The Bird her Freedom gives,
She soon forgets her former Smart,
And with her Partner lives.
But still confin'd, her downy Rest
And needful Food she flies;
Against her Prison wounds her Breast,
Then lays her down and dies.
In plaintive Notes her Widow'd Love
Lamenting fills the joyless Grove.
In plaintive Notes, &c.*

Dal. Oh! then I find you have a Stomach, but you don't like the Dish I have provided you.

Enter Lucy.

Lucy. Lord bless me!

Dal. What now?

Lucy. I am frighted out of my Senses.

Dal. What a Devil's the Matter with the Wench?

Lucy. Yonder has been—— Give me a little time to recover my Breath—— Yonder has been a barbarous Murder done.

Dal. Where? when? by whom?

Lucy. Mr. Edgar and Mr. Moody have been fighting a Duel.

Dal. And both dead, ha?

Lucy. No, neither of 'em dead, but mortally wounded to be sure.

Dal. Both?

Lucy. Yes, both.

Dal. I'm glad on't.

Clar. O my Heart!

Flo. Unhappy Flora!

Lucy. Mr. Moody no sooner saw the other, but out he draws his Sword, and at it they went; but before
any

any body cou'd interpose, each had done the other's Business.

Dal. What's become of 'em?

Lucy. They're in Custody, and Surgeons sent for, but 'tis fear'd to little purpose.

Clar. O Misery ——— this is the curst Jealousy of *Moody.* [Exit with Flora.

Dal. This was a fortunate Accident.

Lucy. Ay, beyond Expectation for your Purpose.

Dal. But the Shock has so fluster'd the Girls they'll not be able to receive these Visitors with any decency; what shall we do?

Lucy. Suppose I follow 'em, and persuade 'em this Duel was an Invention of my own, that you thinking 'em dead, might give your self no trouble in guarding against 'em — I know they'll never consent to marry the Men you propose, unless thus betray'd into the Marriage.

Dal. As how? as how?

Lucy. I'll make my Mistresses believe that they are but slightly wounded, and will visit 'em in the Evening in the dark, for fear of you — You shall send *Clotpole* and *Prim* in their Places, who shall carry Father *Tatter Grape* the Curate with 'em, to tack 'em together.

Dal. That's right! I'll take care of the Parson.

[Exit Dalton.

Lucy. How soon the old one has swallow'd the Bait! which is something extraordinary, for when they've lost their Teeth, they can only Nibble.

AIR XXI. Dainty Davy.



So Trouts when tickled seem well pleas'd,
 Ne'er perceiving
 Hands deceiving
 'Till within the Gills they're seiz'd;
 Then they flounce and tumble.
 Dotards like to them are ta'en:
 Women's Baits draw every Swain:
 Lively young ones Bite amain,
 But all the old ones Mumble.

[Exit.



SCENE VII. Clara's Apartment.

Enter Clara, and Flora.

Clar. Into what a World of Misfortunes does this false and inconsistent Notion of Honour plunge Men?

Flo. My wretched State is never to be reliev'd. Honour shou'd guard the Passage to my Heart, but Love is still the stronger.

AIR

AIR XXII. Bush o' Boon.



*In vain to guard my Breast I try,
 The Tyrant Love subdues me;
 And when I would the Charmer fly,
 His winged Shaft pursues me.
 My bleeding Heart must ever mourn;
 The cruel Swain disdain me;
 My Love he ever pays with Scorn,
 And thinks not how it pains me.*

[Weeps.]

Clar. We both must be miserable by the means of
 an Inhumane Father, whose Cruelty has robb'd me of
 the truest of Lovers.

Flor. I can have no Remedy but Death.

AIR

AIR XXIII. Since *Celia's* my Foe.



Since Love is my Foe,
To the Groves I will go,
Where ever, for ever,
I'll sigh out my Woe.
Each Bird on the Tree
Attentive shall be,
And Sorrow shall borrow,
By looking on me.
The Hill and the Dale
Shall echo my Wail,
And never, no never
Shall Lover prevail.
Since the False one is gone,
I'll sigh all alone,
Sit pining, declining,
'Till Death ends my Moan.

Enter Lucy.

Lucy. What, always Complaining! Come, dry up your Tears.

Clar. What dost thou mean? Can there be Cause for Joy?

Lucy. I'll tell you. I got from my old Master as soon as ever I cou'd, to undeceive you — but to do it in a Word, your Lovers are both safe and well : they have

have no Wounds but what Love has made, and you can cure. It was necessary I shou'd amuse your Father with the Story, in order to carry on a Design we have upon him, and I cou'd not do it without making you Party. This Letter is from *Moody*, and will, I doubt not, satisfy you in other Particulars that won't be disagreeable ——— Hush, your Father!

Enter Dalton, Prim, Clotpole, and Varole.

Dal. Come Gentlemen, here are my Daughters, and you have my Consent to ——— make the best you can of 'em.

Lucy. Which won't be a great deal, I believe.

Dal. Does the Plot take with 'em? [*To Lucy.*

Lucy. Beyond your Wishes ——— they snapt at the Bait as a Pike wou'd at a Gudgeon, and made no more Bones on't.

Prim. Thou art a lovely Creature surely: thy Comeliness doth move the Spirit, which is the inward Light, towards thee: Nor is the outward Man unmov'd, but yerneth, and doth pant, as it were, to embrace thee, that of twain we may become one Flesh ——— fast bound, entwin'd together, locked in the Lock which is called Wedlock, hum!

Lucy. Well said! to her!

A I R XXIV. Quakers Wedding.



Prim. Wou'd that gentle Dove,
Humb, on a Friend, look kind, ah!
Who in purest Love,
Humb! is to her inclin'd, ah!

Wou'd

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*Wou'd she bid the Quaker take her,
Mate for Life to make her,
Like Turtle true,
He'd bill and coe — do,
Take your upright Quaker.*

Lucy. Gad, you ha' done your Business, I can tell you. She says she likes you.

Prim. Doth she say so?

Lucy. She does, but Mum!

Prim. Yea, Mum!

Lucy. Only take care of Humming and Hawing too much, that's the only way to kill your Hopes.

Var. You speaka de Trute, pret Metrefs *Lucy*: Monsieur hum, ha! you know noting, morbleu, noting at all — Letta me come.

A I R XXV. Ye Beaux of Pleasure.



*I'm of de Nation
De teach de Fashion,
Vid Application,
De Song and Dance.
Sure dat will move you,
Beside me love you,
And to improve you,
Me come from France.*

Lucy. Clara likes no body but you.

Var. Dat is ver vel, prette Mrs. *Lucy*.

Clot. Poor Insignificant Wretches! do you imagine
you

you shall succeed before a Man of ——— Taste, and of Parts ——— and ——— Father-in-law, what wou'd you have me say to her?

Dal. Courage! Courage!

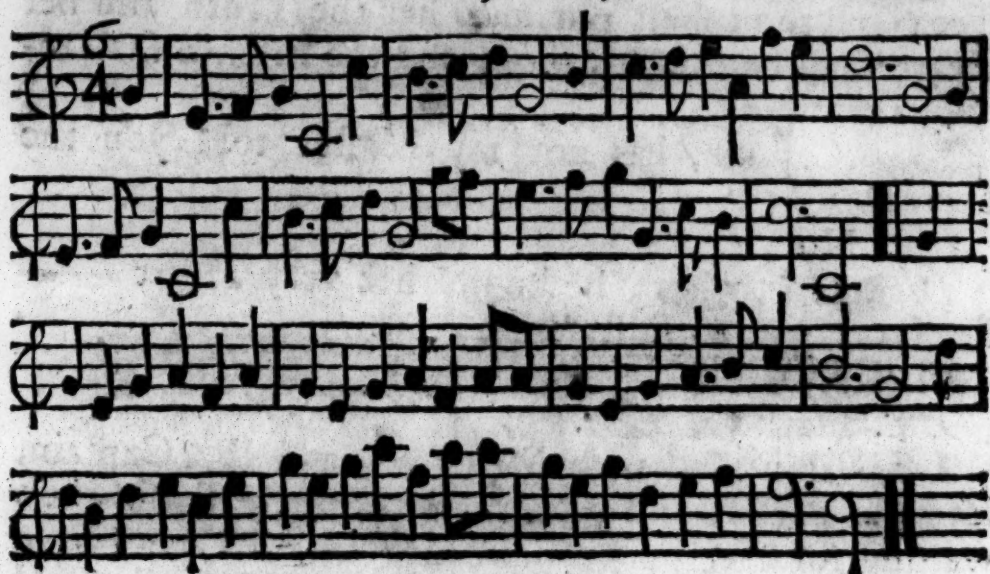
Clot. Madam, I have been Captain of the Militia several Years, and have behav'd with Courage and Conduct, in the greatest Dangers ——— a hem!

AIR XXVI. As Tipling John.



If you did see
My Men and me,
All arm'd with Sword and Gun,
Walk up the Street,
Our Foes to meet,
You'd Swear we ne'er wou'd run.
In yonder Field
I made 'em yield,
And tremble at my Ire.
I'd have you think,
I scorn to wink,
When-e'er my Soldiers fire.

AIR XXVII. Hark, hark, the Cock crows.



Flo. *Such wretched poor Elves,
Just fit for your Selves,
Among your own Tribe shou'd be canting;
No Female beside
Wou'd to thee be a Bride,
Tho' People for Nations were wanting.*

Clar. *For you, Monsieur Paris,
I never wou'd marry,
I resolve to be cloister'd a Nun first.
Nor you, Mr. Valour,
Shall e'er be my Taylor:*

Both. *To the End of the World we wou'd run first.* [Exe.

Dal. *Obstinate Baggages! — now they expect to meet their young Coxcombs, ha!*

Lucy. *They do — Mr. Prim, what she just now said, was only the want of Resolution — she did not care to declare her Mind in publick — but I have often heard her say privately, she lik'd no People in the World so well as Quakers — you may make her one.*

Prim. *Verily I do conceive thou utterest the Word of Truth. For as I did rest my Head upon my Bolster, in the Night, lo in the Darkness of the Night, the Light said unto me —*

D

the

the Damsel whom thou lovest, and she will turn unto thee; and thou shalt put unto her the Truth, and her Heart shall be towards thee; and the Friends shall rejoice therefore.

Lucy. Captain, has not my Master told you the Secret?

Clot. No.

Lucy. Go to him, he knows her very Heart — she loves you to Distraction.

Clot. Ay!

Dal. Hark ye, *Lucy.*

Lucy. You shall take Mr. *Prim*, and the Captain, into the Parlor, and prepare 'em for the Parson, he's waiting for that purpose already — When I have sent *Varole* about his Business, I'll to the Ladies, and prepare them, and give you Notice when all's ready.

Dal. I understand you — Hark ye Gentlemen — I wou'd beg three Words with you in private.

[*Ex. Dal. Clot. and Prim.*]

Lucy. Mr. *Varole*, you see the Old Gentleman is determined to prefer those two before you — but I know the young Lady likes you a great deal better than the Captain, and if you approve of it, I wou'd put you in a way to Circumvent him, and carry the Lady yourself.

Var. Vid all mine Heart, me sal be ver glad.

Lucy. Do you go before, I'll follow you immediately; it will not be proper for us to be seen together.

[*Exeunt severally.*]



SCENE VIII. A Garden.

Enter Clara and Flora.

Clar. This Maid of ours is an Excellent Wench at Invention. But how she'll bring her self off at last, I am at a loss to know.

Flo. Her Management has hitherto been so good, that I am in no great Pain about it.

Clar. She has indeed serv'd us beyond our Hopes—

I shall never forget the Obligation, let the Consequence to herself be what it will.

Flo. I cou'd wish tho' our Lovers wou'd appear;
'tis now the Hour appointed.

Clar. I don't doubt in the least, their being Punctual.

Flora. Here they are.

Enter Moody, and Edgar.

AIR XXVIII. Katherine Ogie.



Mood. Behold, fair Maid, thy roving Swain [Kneeling,
Returns again to Duty;
My Breast receives the pleasing Pain,
Created by thy Beauty:
To thee for Pity here I sue,
For thee my Heart is dying;
To thee I ever will be true,
Be thou but kind, complying.

Flo. Your Penitence will demand Forgiveness.

Clar. But as a Proof of it, and to put you both to the Test, let me tell you, there waits a Person hard by who is the properest Man in the World to take your Confession, and who only can give you Absolution.

Flor. And if you have Courage to meet us at the place of Battle, we dare your worst.

Edg. There's my Gage. }

Mood. And Mine. }

[Giving their Hands.

AIR XXIX. Compos'd by Mr. Charke.



Edg. When Beauty our Courage will try,
A Lover must fly at the Call;

Mood. And tho' in the Battle we die,
'Tis Pleasure and Transport to fall.

Edg. When we sigh out our Souls at their Feet,

Mood. And taste their enlivening Breath,

Edg. When rapturous Kisses we meet,

Both. The Balm will revive us from Death.
The Balm &c.

[Exeunt.



SCENE IX. A Hall.

Enter Dalton.

Dal. All goes exceeding right, if nothing interposes to spoil the finishing Part—The Success of this

this Day, I fear, will make me hang my self for Joy; all the Parties are together; now's the Crisis, and no less then 4000 l. the Reward of my Labour.

AIR XXX. Now comes on the Glorious Year.



*Wealth o'ercomes all Griefs and Cares,
It buys a Peace, or War declares;
For that the Wretch, tho' perjur'd, swears:
It brings old Widows Spouses:
The Thief for Money may be freed,
Its force destroys the strongest Deed;
Makes Fools in Courtship to succeed,
And Blockheads Heads of Houses.*

Enter Prim, with Lucy Mask'd.

Prim. Verily, this is now my Help-mate; the Light hath prevail'd, and she needeth not be asham'd of her Blushes.

Dal. Nor of her Husband ——— Come Daughter, unmask, let me salute thee, and give thee Joy.

Lucy. Ten thousand Thanks to you, Sir. [*Unmasks.*

Dal. What the Devil do I see?

Prim. I cou'd wish my self Blind; I am betrothed to Disgrace surely, and Shame will be my Portion.

Lucy. Hope the best; I'll promise you for my future Life to play you no idle Pranks, if you'll forgive the past.

Prim. I say No, I may not.

Dal. Oons, you Baggage, what's the Meaning of all this?

Lucy. Matrimony, Sir, that's all.

Dal. I'll be the Death of thee.

Prim. I do hope thou wilt.

Lucy.

Lucy. Look you, Sir, I am none of your Servant now.

Dal. Thou art the Devil's Servant.

Lucy. If you call Names, my Husband shall demand—

Prim. I demand nothing sincerely — if it pleaseth him, he may Chastise thee.

Enter Clotpole, with Varole in Women's Cloathes.

Clot. Since my little Dear has given me this Proof of her Love, it will be Folly to conceal it any longer. Come now, Father-in-Law, you may wish me Joy.

Var. Ouy fans doubt.

Clot. How!

Dal. Zouns more Tricks!

Clot. Who a Plague have I marry'd? the great Grand-mother of the Witch of *Ender* — What are you? and who are you? and how the Devil came I by you?

Lucy. These Questions will soon answer themselves — here are the Parties who shall clear up all.

Enter Edgar, Moody, Flora, and Clara.

Edg. Now, Sir, your Blessing is all we want.

Dal. *Edgar!* O thou damn'd Jade! are these the wounded Duelists I had no more to be afraid of?

Lucy. Why, really, Sir, it so happens — they have no Wound but what Love can cure.

Dal. I shall run mad — Oons, I'll go set Fire to my House, lock up my Doors, and burn you all together.

[*Exit.*

Clot. Was ever Man so cheated? My only Comfort is, my Trapes here proves no Wife. Monsieur *Varole*, the best thing we can do, is to move off for fear we shou'd be burnt, as the Old Gentleman threatens.

Var. Vid all mine Heart — Begar me be sheated; me marry the Captain to prevent him marry Madam *Clara*, and Madam have marry anoder Person — Metrefs *Lucy*, begar you be une Jilt.

Lucy. Look ye, Gentlemen, I was in the Secret of your purchasing these Ladies at Two thousand Pounds each, and thought I cou'd not too much expose you for it — I had no View in imposing on you, but to make you Witnesses of my Marriage with this Gentleman; and to shew you in the most ridiculous Light

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I cou'd, and for fear you might have interpos'd the mean while, to prevent these more proper Lovers taking Possession of their own.

Mood. Ingenious Girl!

Clot. I'll home, and meditate Revenge.

[Exit.

Var. Begar, and me too.

[Exit.

Mood. What thou hast done for us, deserves much more than Thanks—— If Mr. *Edgar* pleases, and in order to make Mr. *Prim* easy, and satisfy'd with his Wife, we'll each advance Mrs. *Lucy* five hundred Pounds as a Fortune.

Clar. We are her Debtors too.

Lucy. Ladies and Gentlemen, I am infinitely oblig'd to you.

Prim. I know no other Remedy, on Condition she will turn unto the Light—— for she is not uncomly—— she hath Temptations—— Wilt thou listen unto the Word of Soberness?

Lucy. I will truly.

Prim. Then truly I will take the Thousand Pounds, and thee.

Lucy. I thank thee lovingly.

A I R XXXI. Among the Pure ones all.



Among your Sect we see
The Women inspir'd will preach,
And therefore I will agree,
Because, in my Turn, I'll Teach.
Such Opinions sure
Must needs be pure,
That leave us the Tongue at Will.
For most, you find,
Are well inclin'd
That Weapon should ne'er lye still.

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Enter Dalton.

Dal. Well! I have consider'd on't, and since what's done
can't be undone, I think I may as well be reconcil'd —
so bless you all together.

Edg. This is a Joy beyond Expectation.

AIR XXXII. Come, brave Boys.



Edg. Our gloomy Woes are now no more,
The beaten Bark has reach'd the Shore,
Free from Tempests, free from Cares;
Gentle Love our Joy prepares.
Hymen with his Nuptial Light
Gaily burns serenely bright.

Dal. Then let's be Merry
Jovial, free and airy,
Spend all our Time in Mirth and Joy.
Every Lad now take his Lass.
Trip it o'er the verdant Grass
And with a smiling Face.
Then with full Bowls,
We'll cheer our Souls;
For Love and Wine all Cares destroy.
Chorus. Then with full Bowls, &c.

A DANCE.

F I N I S.

